



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1804.

*The Unfortunate Lovers :*

## AN HISTORICAL FACT.

(continued)

THE countess, now finding herself at full liberty, determined to secure the favourable opportunity which her husband's absence afforded her. She put on a disguise which Elvira had prepared for the purpose, and then set out, trembling, for the place appointed for the distressing interview. Elvira staid in her mistress's apartment, and in case the count should return before he set off for the Escorial, she was to say that her mistress having the head-ach had lain down. The countess soon arrived undiscovered at the house, where the marquis was waiting with the utmost impatience.

It is not in the power of language to express the emotions of the two lovers, when first they met. The marquis looked upon it, that his sufferings were all at an end, and that there now could be no bar to that happiness for which he had so long sighed. The countess, on the other hand, felt all her joy imbibed from knowing that his happiness would be of so short a duration. But while she was considering the manner in which she should discover the fatal secret, she was obliged to remind him that the time was passed, which the king had appointed for him to be at the palace; for she dreaded his running the least risque of again offending his sovereign. She therefore pressed him to go without delay, but could not prevail upon him to depart, till she had promised to stay where she was, till he returned from court. Here

a circumstance arose, which did not a little embarrass them. The door of the room in which they were could not be fastened on the inside, but by a secret known only to the master of the house; a mode of security not uncommon among the Spaniards, whose extreme jealousy makes them take all possible precaution to secure the fidelity of their wives. In this dilemma one method only could be taken, which was for the marquis to lock the door on the outside, to put the key in his pocket, and to return the very instant he was able to quit the king. During his absence, the countess remained in a situation more easy to be conceived than described. She had now leisure to reflect on the step she had taken, which she could not think of without horror. Each moment appeared insupportably long; she feared that Lerne might not have it in his power to return so soon as he expected; and she tortured herself with the most painful ideas that her imagination could suggest. Don Juan presented Lerne to the king, who indeed pardoned him, but with a countenance full of that severity which denoted his rigid disposition; and Lerne was impatiently preparing to retire, when the stern monarch (who intended to talk to him about the negociation in France) ordered him to wait in his closet, saying, with a grave smile, 'I do not imagine you will think it very hard to spend a few hours there, after having spent so many weeks in prison.' Lerne would have received the sentence of death with more tranquillity than this cruel order. He knew not how to extricate himself from this wretched situation. His fears of again offending the king, and the situation of his beloved Ines, pulled such contrary ways, that it almost rent his

heart. At length he considered that there was but one method to obtain a temporary relief to both, which was to find some friend at court in whom he could so far confide, as to entrust him with the key of the apartment where Ines was shut up; and, perceiving the king employed in looking over some papers, he determined to avail himself of that opportunity to trust his friend the count de las Torres with his critical situation. He concealed the lady's name, but had not the distant idea, that the count was the last man in the kingdom to whom such a secret should be revealed. The unsuspecting husband, who sincerely esteemed the marquis, took the key, and with vows of inviolable secrecy promised instantly to execute the trust. Lerne had indeed been informed that the lovely Ines had been commanded by her father to marry some nobleman of the court, but he imagined it to be the baron de Silva with whom he had fought.

The countess, whose mind was equally tortured with regret and fear, stood impatiently watching at the window the arrival of Lerne. But what was her astonishment when she beheld her husband at a little distance off! She soon experienced to what a degree of terror the human mind can be put; for, in an instant after, she found that her husband and she were under the same roof, and that, if she could not conceal herself, her life and fame must fall together. To make her escape seemed next to impossible; but, in searching for a place to conceal herself, she fortunately found a little door, which till then had escaped her notice, and which by a violent effort she burst open. In the apartment to which she had escaped, she found a woman, whom she intreated to save her life,

and to conceal her in some secure part of the house. The woman, though greatly surprised, could not avoid being touched with pity at seeing so beautiful a person in such distress, and very humanely conducted her to a little hamlet in which the mother of Elvira lived, to whom she immediately repaired for shelter. The count de las Torres had made many reflections on the disorder in which he found the marquis, and the pressing manner with which he had intreated him to open the door. The difficulties he found in fixing his marriage with Ines immediately occurred to his imagination, which, with some other circumstances, did not fail to excite that jealousy so natural to a Spaniard. In short, he began to fear that his own wife might be a party in this adventure, and yet, 'If this were the case,' said he, 'would the marquis have employed me of all men breathing on such an errand? Surely not.' Thus did he argue with himself till he had opened the door; and though he did not believe he had any solid reason, on which to ground the least suspicion, yet, as if he had a presentiment of his misfortune, he had not the power to resist the opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, in spite of the promise he had made to the marquis. He therefore examined every corner of the house, but, not finding any person there, he immediately returned home, where he hoped to remove his fears by the presence of the countess.

As soon as the marquis de Lerme had satisfied the king as to every particular of his negociation in France, he flew back to the apartment where he was in some hopes of finding the countess. But when he found she was gone, he felt deeply affected at so unfortunate an adventure, not knowing what she would think of his conduct, which must have appeared to her so unaccountable. He therefore immediately set out with an intention of getting information from the count de las Torres. In the mean time, the count returned to his own house, and enquired of Elvira for his wife, who answered, that her mistress, being rather indisposed, had retired to her closet with orders not to be disturbed. The count, not satisfied with such an answer, at such a time, insisted upon the door being opened. Elvira, under a pretence of bringing the key, slipped out of the room, and ran to inform her mistress of what had happened; but, to her great surprise, found she had quitted the ap-

partment. While she stood considering what step to take, she met the marquis de Lerme going to the house of the count her master. She then informed him of all that had passed, adding, that every thing was in the utmost confusion there, on account of his missing his wife. Astonishment, grief, and despair seized the unhappy marquis, who now began to comprehend his fatal mistake. Distracted with such accumulated misfortunes, he instantly threw himself upon his sword. The moment Elvira perceived what he had done, she called out for assistance, and, being immediately carried to his father's house, a surgeon was called in, who pronounced the wound not to be mortal. Elvira, being unable to find her mistress, durst not return to the count, but went to her mother, where she found her unhappy mistress, to whom she related the fatal news of the count's fury and the marquis's despair. The countess was now overwhelmed with the weight of her sorrows; but, as soon as she recovered a little from that stupor into which excess of grief had thrown her, she thought it absolutely necessary to consider of some retreat more private and concealed. To return home she looked upon to be inevitable death, as it would be impossible to think of convincing the count, that the utmost extent of her crimes was but indiscretion, when appearances of the most criminal guilt were so strong against her. In this dilemma, she applied to the mother of Elvira, to advise her how to act, and where to go. The good old woman, who affectionately loved the countess, was pierced to the soul to behold her distressed situation. She intreated of her not to think of any other home but her's, and begged that she would permit her to conduct her to a small farm she had a few leagues from Madrid, where she should be welcome to participate with her the little pittance she possessed. This kind offer was accepted by the countess, who, that very evening, set out with Elvira and her mother, for the little farm, which consisted of a lonely house, on the margin of a thick forest, to which there was a garden, and a few acres of land. In this solitude, she determined to spend the remainder of her wretched life.

Meantime, the count de las Torres, after having given vent to the first transports of his fury, and searched in vain for his wife, began to give up all thoughts of ever seeing her more, when an adven-

ture happened, which again roused his resentment and the keen recollection of his misfortunes.

One evening, as the countess and Elvira were taking a turn in a little park, which was fenced in by a quickset hedge close to their house, they saw a man on horse-back enter a breach in the hedge, who by his air they judged to be a man of quality. He rode towards them, making many apologies for intruding upon their land, but said, he had no other way left to avoid being pursued by some robbers who had attacked him, one of whom he had shot, and fearing that the rest of the gang would revenge the loss of their companion, he had galloped off with the utmost speed, and, having fortunately discovered a breach in the hedge, took that only method in his power of saving his life. He then desired their permission to ride through the paddock, and to go out on the opposite side. The robbers, having missed their prey, and observing a house near, precipitately took another road.

(to be concluded)

#### ANECDOTES.

THE late Dr. D—, minister of a Presbyterian church, being on terms of intimacy with a Romish priest, the latter having been on a journey in which his horse died, after relating the circumstance to his reverend friend, the Doctor very gravely asked him if he gave the poor creature absolution before his death? On which the priest very shrewdly observed that it was unnecessary, as his horse was a presbyterian.

A FEW years ago when the river Delaware was frozen, a number of booths were erected on the ice, near one of which an Irishman observing a person to fall in, ran immediately to the proprietor of the booth and informed him he had just seen a man enter his cellar, and advised him to take care of his liquor.

A TAR, after returning from a voyage for logwood, having made rather too free with a plank belonging to the owners of the vessel to which he belonged, was taken before a justice, and accused of the theft. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, replied, "That, after having assisted to steal a whole shipload from the Spaniards, it was a hard thing that he could not have a plank for his own use, without so much palaver!"



*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

THE SCRIBLER.—No. VI.

"Whate'er is wonderful!"

THE observer of mankind may see, that in a number of men there is a habit of prevaricating. The most simple expressions are often perverted, and construed to quite different meanings from what their authors intended, and made the cause of great unhappiness. It is thus the mischief-maker, who hears a conversation, respecting any person, though perhaps in itself not injurious to him, yet by taking some parts and omitting others, and placing forced constructions on them, he magnifies "a molehill to a mountain." Scarcely ever is there a conversation which cannot be so perverted, as to cause great uneasiness to those who are concerned; and certainly the man who would cause it, knowingly, where no harm is intended, should be scouted from society. This practice of perverting is never more frequently seen, than in literary disputes, which rightly ought to be conducted with the greatest candour, but in which the sentiments of either party are turned and twisted into all possible shapes, and so either should gain the victory he often cares not if it be at the expence of truth and candour.

— Tanto major famæ sitis est quam virtutis.  
*Juvenal.*

The liar too, often begins in this manner, and would rather make good his story by prevaricating, than by an open untruth, which is so much more easily detected, though if he finds this not sufficient, he gives the finishing stroke by a lye.

It has been observed, that mankind are fond of the marvelous, and the truth of this remark we may judge by the desire most men have of telling a good story. Does there happen any thing a little uncommon, though not in itself strange or wonderful, yet in relation, some persons almost unconsciously will make it in the highest degree marvelous; and going from one to another it naturally happens that each magnifies it a little.

"Viresque acquirit cundo vir."

That there is this disposition in mankind, is indisputable. Whatever is horrid, whatever passes the bounds of probability, and even common sense, interests the human mind, though at the same time it confesses its conviction of the im-

possibility of the event by which it interested, and wonders that it should hearken to such absurdity. From this spirit has sprung those shoals of romances which have been given to the world within these last fifty years; those tales of ghosts and spectres, of haunted castles, and every thing that is strange and improbable. A century ago, when mankind were immersed in superstition and ignorance, they might have passed even as truth; but now such stories meet with little credit but among the most ignorant. The reign of superstition has "passed away," and the dead are now permitted to sleep quietly in their graves, though formerly we might find numbers of persons, who were confident that they had, at different times, seen some of their friends or relations out of them; doomed by heaven to expiate their crimes by wandering on the earth, whilst mortals were enjoying repose! Though the absurdity of such a doctrine must strike every one, yet almost all are fond of perusing stories of such a description.

It was the opinion of HORACE, that "Fictions to please should wear the face of truth."

"Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris."

But the taste of many of the present day would lead us to think that Fictions to please should wear the face of improbability. P.

THE reasons which I gave for declining a contest with VIGILARIUS, must be satisfactory to every reader. It would, after what has been said on that subject, be trifling with the patrons of the Repository to fill its columns with a dispute on the merits of a self-evident subject; for, it is my opinion, that it is so. After declining to make any remarks on my answer to him, he concludes with congratulating me on my concurrence in opinion with him; seeming thereby to insinuate that he had made a convert of me. It is true I agreed with him on two points, but on the main one, that marriage is the happiest state of life, I assure him my belief is as strong as ever. P.

AGRICULTURAL.

*From Anderson's Recreations.*

"EVERY attentive observer will remark among the plants, of almost every kind of crop, some individual stalks which are distinguishable from the others

by a greater degree of health, or luxuriance, or prolificacy, or earliness, or some other peculiarity.—A friend of mine remarked many years ago, a particular stem of peas among his earliest crop, which came into flower and ripened long before the others. He marked the stem, and saved the whole of its produce for seed. These came as much earlier as they had originally done. This produce was also saved for seed; and thus he obtained a particular kind of early pea that came at least a week before the best sorts he could buy of them."

PARNASSUS.

IN ancient times Parnassus was considered as hard of ascent, and its top appeared almost inaccessible. But in modern times we seem to have made a beaten cartway over it, and who is so dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? Helicon was represented as a scanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inspiring draught. But now it has swelled into a river, and every plough-boy, in the field of science, waters his horses at the stream. Ancient poets sung of a secret influence from the muses, which purged their mental vision, and discovered scenes, fairer than Tempe to their view. But inspiration now descends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which paints a monster, while it talks of sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and wildness of its conceptions.

THE CHRISTIAN.

THE Christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley and every cloud of heaven, he discovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. His ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

# SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS,

By TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Genesis XIII—8. And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we be brethren.

CERTAINLY, says the Jew, the advice of Abram is worthy of the highest approbation, *relations* should always live in peace, and the same good doctrine has always from that, to the present day been inculcated by all our lawgivers, priests, and prophets—we all acknowledge Abraham for *our* father, and are every where known by the general name *children of Israel*, consequently each of us considering that intimate connection, is ready to repeat this excellent precept, "Let there be no strife among us for we are brethren."

True, very true echoes the Mahometan; believers, adorers of Alah and servants of his prophet ought never to nourish a spirit of contention. Their hands should be ever united, and their sabres raised only in defence of their religion and the destruction of infidels. We are indeed the sons of the divine Mahomet, and approvers of the precept of Abram, which the mufti also ever enjoins in the spirit of the prophet, saying, let there be no strife among us for we are brethren,

Who ever doubted the truth of it? asks the Christian, in a fervor of zeal. It is not only the opinion of Abraham the father of the faithful; but the absolute command of a greater than Abraham. Good will to man was proclaimed by the angels, when they announced the birth of the Saviour. Love one another was the precept of Jesus and it has been enjoined and enforced by all his apostles, teachers, preachers, and Christians from that time until the present moment.

Were an inhabitant of a neighboring world, totally ignorant of our history, permitted to visit this earth and hear the above declarations, would he not immediately be led to exclaim happy! happy human family! Sprung from one stock, ever mindful of your relationship ye delight in giving, and receiving all those common benefits which flow from peace, friendship, and unity.—How delightful is it for a benevolent mind thus to hear you all with one voice repeating the advice of the good old patriarch, "Let there be no strife among us for we be brethren."

Of all the books in the world, said my grandfather, none has been so ill used as the *bible*. All consult it, and make it speak just what they intend. If the plain letter will not do, it is translated anew. If that will not answer the end, the meaning is allegorical, or it is typical, or a proverbial expression; and so by one way or another it is at last brought either to confirm the advanced opinion, or at the most to say nothing on the subject. The above advice, a common reader would be apt to conclude abundantly evident; but let us examine these three great sects just mentioned,—and the *truth* of the above remark will appear abundantly evident. When the Jews in all their strength invaded the seven nations of Canaan, had one of these men devoted to destruction, urged the advice of Abraham, and in the most supplicating posture, said let there be no strife between me and thee for we be brethren, what would have been the reply? If the Jew would have staid to reason at all, which with me is rather doubtful, may we not justly suppose it would have been in such language as the following?—Presumptuous wretch! darest thou say, that I am thy brother? Thou art no better than dross or dung. The world was made for Israelites, and thou art doomed to perish.—'Tis true we Jews are all brethren, but thou reptile die—to thee there is no peace.

In like manner the Mahometan denies the universality of the relationship, tho' we are brethren, say they, it extends no farther than the family of the *faithful*, and with the residue of mankind strife, war, and bloodshed is not only permitted, but a duty.—And are we Christians more liberal in our application of the advice? In translating the words, we find the original is more comprehensive than the words in our bibles—thus: Let there be no strife between thee and me, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for *men* are brethren. On reviewing our history for the last 1000 years, will it not appear evident that practice has been in direct contradiction to my text? Precept said, love one another, ye are brethren—Practice, hate, slay, torture—ye are *enemies*. Precept enjoined, let there be no strife among men; for men are brethren. Practice replied 'tis false, ravage, burn, enslave, destroy—ye are no kin. Precept still willing to prove the point declared of one blood God made all nations of men—Practice boldly gives Precept the lie and protests

with oaths and asseverations that the black never sprung from the same stock, is only a species of brute, but one remove above the monkey and therefore fit only for galling slavery, drudgery and torture at the will of the enslaver.—But giving up the general use inculcated in the text, let us give it a particular exposition.

Three fourths of the evils, discontents, bickerings and quarrels which disturb the peace of society would be annihilated if the yielding, conciliating temper of Abraham were found among us. We admit *we* are brethren—whence then these evil surmisings? These malevolent speeches? These unfriendly actions? These stories destructive of good fame? Is this indeed the way to prove that we are brethren?—Let us peep into families, listen to the quarrels of brothers and sisters conducted with acrimony and not seldom ending in hatred. View the inhabitants of the same village, mark their envy, their little jealousies, their constant fear lest in any transaction their neighbor may succeed better than themselves, and would not every benevolent mind in grief exclaim, and would to God that here dwelt the conciliating spirit of Abraham!

And among you to whom in particular these sermons are addressed, tell me, is this spirit found? Let each member look into himself, then into your meetings, and it will evidently appear that ye enjoy only a small portion of the spirit of the patriarch. Behold what a spirit of dissention, contest for office creates! You see parties opposing parties, "we are brethren," forgotten, or disregarded; enmity seizing the place of affection; party spirit driving union of sentiment to the wall, and public good hard pressed to maintain her stand against private emolument.

Remember, my friends, I CAN and therefore *will*, is not consistent with the spirit of the text. Abraham could have easily compelled Lot to accede to any conditions he saw meet;—but his benevolent spirit rose infinitely superior to paltry motives terminating only in private interest. He felt for their herdsmen as well as for his brother. He connects them in one term, "we men are brethren"—And altho' he might have had the choice of the land, yet he gives it up with almost inimitable grace—"If thou wilt take the left hand then will I go to the right: or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left."

To conclude; remember I beseech



you, that by imitating the patriarch ye will cause peace to reside in your families, happiness and a reciprocity of good offices in your villages; confidence, union and a friendly intercourse of sentiments, productive of the general good, in your meetings; and finally, ye will demonstrate that not only your language, but what is infinitely more, your practice, daily pronounces this excellent advice, "*Let there be no strife I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for MEN ARE BRETHREN.*"

TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. VI.

Love is the fountain whence those springs arise,  
Which constitute the purest joys we prize;  
It bears us cheerful thro' a varied life,  
Free from the blasts of envy's jarring strife.

THAT much of human felicity depends on the estimation in which we are held by our fellows, needs no greater confirmation than that which is a prominent characteristic of our lives, the desire of excelling one another. A noble ambition excites us to emulation, and we expect the consequence to be the good opinion of mankind.—This is certainly praiseworthy, when virtue is the object of our pursuit; we may here rise without envy from our cotemporaries—each considers other as a co-worker in forming that chain of love and union which binds man to man—each is ever ready to assist his fellow in promoting the general good—one mind actuates the whole—all have the same grand object in view, and notwithstanding one may be weaker, or less capable than another of contributing to the benefit of so noble a cause, yet the intention is received as a sufficient tender for more brilliant performances: Humility presides over our actions, and each is willing to prefer other in honor. If there be such a thing as happiness on earth, surely such members of society seem best calculated to obtain it.

These considerations may lead the mind to far more useful contemplations.—An innate principle of divinity implanted in us, will not suffer us to conceive of any thing short of a future existence; our corrupt natures may sophistically represent to our minds, that death will terminate every active principle

which we possess in life, and consign us to eternal sleep! But, to prove the fallacy of such suggestions, we need only one moment's serious consideration, when the soul, revolting at the degrading conception, assimilates to its primary immortality, anticipates reunion with its kindred spirits, and points to a God whose wisdom is transcendently superior to that of the most enlightened of his creatures.

If then we reflect on the shortness of our lives, and the certainty that death will soon cut us off from the most excellent enjoyments which can possibly be derived from the friendships of this world—if on consulting our own minds, we shall be convinced that the zest of happiness arises from the exercise of love; reason will deduce to our satisfaction, that it is necessary this principle should extend beyond the narrow limits of time, and our souls will implicitly acquiesce in this truth, that unless we feel ourselves interested in the love of our everlasting Father, our happiness must of course terminate with our sublunary existence; and "if in this life only we have hope," we must be indeed miserable; reflection will present to our view clouds pregnant with destruction threatening to burst on our heads, and sweep us from all our comforts, to perdition.

It will forcibly impress the serious mind, that to enjoy the present life we must possess a lively hope and expectation of the full fruition of love in the mansions of eternity. The idea of perfection is most sublimely conveyed in this important word—ETERNITY!—it implies the perfection of life and the consummation of every desire of an immortal soul!—Shall man then, intended for such inconceivable excellence, grovel in the dust, seeking that in the pleasures of this world, which it is only in the power of Omnipotence to give!—Degrading thought!—Reason, and the divine propensities of the soul teach us, that our grand business in the present life is, to acquire an interest in that love which is the only surety of a happy transition from this to an incomparably better world.

Fountain of goodness, the streams of thy love  
Shall bear all thy saints to that haven above—  
That haven where comforts eternally spring,  
Where souls shall be blest in the courts of their king.

SERENUS.

Man cannot be engaged in a deeper science than that of himself.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

COMMUNICATION,—III.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

NOTHING shews more plainly the depravity of the human heart, than to hear men of a certain profession inculcating principles with which we see their own actions daily at variance. If one man wish to conduce to the reformation of another, and with that view studies the means best calculated to promote it, we expect "*his every deed*" will accord with the line of conduct he lays down for others to pursue; else it will be said, This man wants to impose burdens on us, which he is not willing to touch with the finger himself;—and, he cannot certainly believe, that if his directions are obeyed, they will tend to our benefit; or, most assuredly he would set the example; for it is not reasonable to suppose, from the very nature of man, that he will do any thing he is *fully persuaded* will injure himself.

Turning the corner of — street the other morning, I heard the voice of some person, which struck me to be that of a female in distress. Her soft and plaintive tone, forcibly arrested my attention, and had such an effect on me, that I was induced to enter the house whence it proceeded, to survey, and listen to the complaints of the fair mourner. Immediately I assumed the shape of a small winged insect, flew to the apartment, and there beheld on her knees Mrs —, imploring the assistance of Heaven in her present disconsolate condition. Her face was pale, her cheeks hollowed, her eyes sunk—in a word, she was the *picture of distress*: Yet one could perceive her mild and innocent countenance shine and cast forth its beams from behind this gloomy cloud, as doth the sun its rays; and with such sweetness did she breathe out her "plaintive notes to heaven," that it charmed me beyond expression. "Gracious God," said she, "as thou hast been pleased to wrest from my arms, the best of husbands to leave me alone to procure subsistence for a large family in this merciless world, do but enable me to go through with it, and I submit to thy will." Having finished, she rose from her knees, went into the next room where the children were, and told them she was going to settle the expences incurred by the funeral. After this I left the house with a resolution to

return next day and hear if she had money sufficient to pay off all debts, and if not, contribute as much as in my power to put her in a situation to do it.

Accordingly, I called the following morning, when she declared to her children, with cheerfulness in her countenance, that all demands were cleared off, nothing more remaining, than to give, as customary, a few dollars to the parson for performing the ceremony at the burial. "And" added she "I have yet an half guinea, which I will tender him, and if he accept it, after hearing my distressed condition, go immediately to work, that you my dear children may have wherewith to subsist." As soon as I had heard her nominate monday (this was saturday) for the interview with the Divine, I retired, fully determined to be present, and observe how a minister of the gospel would conduct himself on this occasion.

On sunday I went to the — church, where was preached an excellent *charity sermon*; and the following day visited the poor widow, whom I met just coming out of the door, and accompanied to —. Having arrived there, she was introduced into a room extraordinarily well furnished, where his reverence soon made his appearance. You cannot imagine how it delighted me, to recognize in him, the very man who preached such an eloquent sermon on charity and donations to the poor, the preceding day. Certainly, thought I, he will not accept the money from this poor woman, when informed how much need she has of it for her family. Indeed, my joy was heightened when, at her narrative, he appeared greatly affected; and apparently sympathized. But, no sooner was the *shining piece* presented, than my expectations were blasted. Instead of returning that with an additional sum, he thankfully accepted it, recommending to Mrs — to be but constant in imploring the aid and blessing of God, and no doubt he would soften the heart of some person into compassion for her.

Rightly said, *worthy servant*—Benign Providence did "soften the heart of some person into compassion;" but not that callous, obdurate one of yours, or any other *professing* christian—No—it was that of a man called by the world a "moralist"—one who, though he does not put on a *plain garb*, and act the Pharisee, in order to cause mankind to entertain a good opinion of him, conducts himself in every respect as a man ought.

So much for endeavouring to appear what in reality we are not.

Yours, &c.  
PROTEUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH's boasted simplicity of style, is similar to the extemporaneous lines of Johnson, which he applied very appropriately to a poet of the same school:—

I put my hat upon my head,  
And walk'd along the strand;  
I there did meet another man,  
With his hat in his hand.

Such poetasters, when they would ape the sublime, are not unlike the sublime of sir Peter Teazle, in the 'School for Scandal.' Every reader of taste must be rapt up in reading it. Here it is:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies;  
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,  
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

If the present rage for elegant simplicity continue, we may shortly expect to see the vapid effusions of some imitators of WORDSWORTH, substituted for the poetry of Dryden and Pope; and the dry creeping prosaic numbers of WORDSWORTH, for the most celebrated poems of antiquity. Mankind are constantly running into extremes. If Darwin's verse is loaded with meretricious and redundant ornaments, does it follow that all ornament is to be laid aside as useless and superfluous? Ought the chaste, though rich and magnificent verse of Thomson, to be less esteemed than the arid lays of some modern bards, who have excited so much temporary applause? There is an essential and everlasting difference between comely and appropriate ornament, such as marked the poetry of Goldsmith for example, and the tawdry finery of Della Crusca, or the bloated and compound epithets of Darwin. Why does every reader of taste so much admire Campbell's Pleasures of Hope? The beauties of this poem are irresistably captivating, because, to the most striking sentiments and poetical imagery are superadded the best selected words, and in fact, all the graces of style. The most important truths should be clothed in a suitable manner, or the effects will be lost. An affected fondness for poverty of language is extended by many to poverty of ideas, and the poem

where Peter Piper picks the peck of pepper, is quite the thing, and exactly to their taste. \*\*\*

### PHILOSOPHIC DUEL.

IN the suburbs of Namur, in the Austrian Netherlands, in consequence of some altercation, a meeting took place between the Count de Lauragais, a French nobleman, and a captain O'Reilly, an Irish officer on half-pay. The ground chosen was a garden adjacent to the suburbs of Namur. The parties set out post and arrived on the spot, accompanied by their surgeons, but without seconds. After the Count had fired, without effect, the generous captain proposed an accommodation, saying, "my once dear, and still honoured friend, you see I am not afraid of meeting you—Providence has been pleased to turn aside your ball, and I have no desire of shedding your blood. We know each other as brave men, let us embrace!" "With all my heart," replied the Count, flinging away his pistol. By this time the Fort Major arrived with a guard, to arrest the combatants—but all was adjusted. "You are both men of honor," said the Major, "I shall therefore take your words that the affair shall go no further." "What fools we were," said the Captain, "to follow HONOR so many miles, when that friendship that still glowed in our breasts was so near to each!" "True," answered the Count—"and I shall never give myself the trouble of meeting a man whom I once loved, on such an occasion, without first being certain that neither retain the smallest spark of former affection." "How can that be known?" said the Major. "Time and consideration are excellent discoverers of such secrets," answered the Count. "Whenever I am challenged by, or challenge a friend, I shall stipulate that no rencounter take place for three months."

If our countrymen, instead of sacrificing each other in the first heat of passion, would lay up their resentments in the drawer of calm reflection for a few weeks, points of honor might be adjusted without a single blow, and the bloody sacrifices too frequently offered on the altars of pride and revenge, be converted into ties of benevolence and good will.

Fashion is not only the greatest tyrant, but the greatest impostor.



Philadelphia, March 17, 1804.

From *Rel's Gazette*.

MR. REL,  
ON Sunday evening last, I attended the monthly reading in the Union Academy, an Institution under the direction of Mr. Addington, a gentleman, whose qualifications as Teacher, and whose attention to the improvement of his pupils are known to, and acknowledged by, his numerous and respectable patrons.

The exercises of the evening commenced and concluded with prayer.—The selections for the readings were, from the Psalter; the sacred dramas of Miss Moore, and from a Tragedy, entitled, "The Martyrdom of Ignatius." Between the chapters in the Psalter and the acts of the drama, the classes sang in two parts, some excellent psalm tunes, from Mr. Addington's collection.

The regularity and solemnity observed by the young ladies, was remarkable and highly becoming, the progress in the science of music, and their rapid improvement in the art of reading, was gratifying to their friends, and honourable to themselves, and to their Preceptor.

A. B.

### To the Friends of Humanity.

THE HOSPITABLE SOCIETY are necessitated to solicit, with importunity, their benevolent fellow citizens to assist them in relieving the sick poor in particular, and the sons and daughters of misfortunes in general, in this city and its environs. The poverty and affliction of many objects visited by this society, at this inclement season, exceeds any idea they could have formed before they became eye witnesses of their situation. The society has felt the most painful sensations on beholding their affliction—and not being able to administer that relief which their situation calls for, (the funds being nearly exhausted) take this method of informing their fellow citizens, from a conviction and sanguine expectation that they will come forward and contribute a supply to their wants, and consequently to their happiness. The smallest donation will be thankfully received, either in money, or clothing of any description, as there are many objects destitute of both.

N. B. Subscription papers are opened at Judge Wolbert's, in Second Street near the Market Northern Liberties; John Dennis's, coroner, corner of Sixth and Cherry streets; in Southwark, at Squire Hunter's, Fifth, 1st door below South street, and at Squire Ferguson's, in George near Shippen street; also, at the Treasurer's, No. 26, Market street, where persons wishing further information may be accommodated with the rules and regulations of the Society.

### COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,  
I was the other evening at a public reading of the scholars belonging to Mr. NEAL's school, and should have been much pleased had it not been for the introduction of a dialogue or discussion evidently written for the occasion. It was respecting dancing-schools. The author of the performance was certainly prejudiced against them. The question was unfairly stated, and argued in a way calculated to throw unmerited obloquy upon dancing-schools. They were said to be, "seminaries of vice," and "destroyers of the public morals." Some observations in reply were made, but it was easy to see the writer intended they should, in fact, remain unanswered. Dancing-schools are patronized by the most respectable inhabitants of every civilized country,

they are a very ornamental part of a finished education, and are laudable and meritorious on a variety of accounts. I do not think it fair, just, or honourable, to cast indiscriminate and groundless censures upon any profession or institution. It argues, in my apprehension, an illiberal and bigoted mind. If dancing-schools were really injurious to public and social happiness, would so many parents of the first abilities suffer their offspring to attend them? To suppose it, is the grossest solecism in nature.

Z.

### Monthly Anthology.

The editor has just received two numbers of "The Monthly Anthology," a new periodical work published at Boston (Mass.) by Mr. E. Lincoln, and edited by Sylvanus Perse. It contains much original matter, and is very justly denominated a 'Magazine of Polite Literature.'

At a meeting of the Vestries of the Episcopal churches in South Carolina, in February last, the Rev. Dr. Edward Jenkins, was nominated as Bishop of South Carolina.

### Frigate Philadelphia.

We are sorry to communicate to our readers the disagreeable intelligence that the U. S. Frigate *Philadelphia*, of 44 guns, capt. BAINBRIDGE, has fallen into the hands of the Tripolines. It appears that in pursuing a Barbary Corsair, which was endeavouring to get into the harbor of Tripoli, she got on a rock or shoal; where she was attacked by a large number of gun boats. Her situation rendered it impossible to bring the guns to bear properly on the enemy; and the attention of the crew was necessarily divided between exertions in the combat and efforts to get the vessel afloat. After the best resistance that the circumstances would permit, in an ineffectual action of four hours, the Americans were compelled to surrender. It is said, that there were 350 persons officers and men, on board the *Philadelphia*. It is added that the officers were treated with humanity, but the men were ill-used.

Dispatches, announcing the abovementioned unfortunate event, were put on board a vessel bound to Boston, capt. Lombard, which sailed from Cadiz upwards of 30 days since.

We understand that capt. Williams, who has arrived at Gloucester, 32 days from Cadiz, informs that the officers of the *Philadelphia* had the liberty of the city on their parole, under the protection of the British Consul; and that Commodore PREBLE had purchased and equipped two vessels, to be employed in an attempt to retake or destroy the frigate.

[*Post. Pap.*]

☞ The frigate John Adams will sail from Washington for the American squadron in the Mediterranean in the course of 3 or 4 weeks. The Friends of the officers in the Mediterranean may avail themselves of this opportunity to write or send any small packages.

[*Phil. Ev. Post.*]

All copper coin, except cents and half cents, went out of currency, in conformity to an act of Congress, on the 15th ult. The penalty for passing or receiving is ten dollars.

It gives us great pleasure to observe, that in the course of a few hours only upwards of 3,000 dollars were subscribed by the inhabitants of Richmond, and Manchester, and immediately transmitted to our distressed fellow citizens at Norfolk.

[*Virg. Arg.*]

\*. Subscribers are informed that the third payment of twenty-five cents, will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

MARRIED—On Thursday 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, John Allison Esq. to Miss Susan Mackay, both of the borough of West Chester.

— On Thursday 8th inst. by John Kesler, esq. Mr. George Felker to Miss Catherine Rush, both of this city.

— On Tuesday 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John Spencer, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Conner, of the Northern Liberties.

— On Saturday 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. Thomas Sherwell, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah D. B. Lenington, daughter of the late Mr. John Lenington, of the Northern Liberties.

— At Baltimore, on Monday 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ingles, Mr. George Ord of this city, to Miss Margaret Biays, daughter of Mr. Joseph Biays of the former place.

— At Princeton, on Wednesday evening the 7th inst. Mr. John Kinnon of this city, to the agreeable Miss Lucy Shaw, of the former place.

— At Keene, (Mass.) Thomas Appin, of Swanzy, aged 81, to Miss Juanna Shapley, aged 78.

— At Hartland, (Ver.) A. R. John Huntington, of Hartford, aged 43, to the agreeable Miss Laura Burbank, aged 15.

DIED—Saturday 10th inst. Mr. John Van Rood, at. 36.

— Suddenly on the 11th inst. Mr. Nicholas Culman,

— On Monday 12th inst. Mr. Charles Edg, of this city, merchant, in the 50th year of his age.

— On the 13th inst. Mr. Matthew Spillord.

— At Bath (Eng.) on the 7th ult. William Bingham, Esq. of this City.

### COMMUNICATION.

"He does not deserve the name of a Freeman who forgets that his Liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers."

DIED on the 8th inst. Capt. JOHN M'GINLEY in the 56th year of his age.—When the iron hand of oppression first attempted to enslave his countrymen, tho' moving in a humble sphere, his manly breast disdained inactive life; and when the appeal was made to arms, forgetful of a young family, he joined the standard of Liberty unfurl'd by Columbia's hardy sons; appointed to the command of a company of artillery, he proved himself an able and active officer.—When that epocha took place which astonished Europe, and America's heroes retired to private life, he found the little he had was expended; but, with a heart glowing with gratitude for the benefits his happy country enjoyed, with a double satisfaction he again resumed his business and obtained a competence for himself and family, and was deservedly pronounced by all who knew him, a honest man.—And tho' he is now in winter-quarters, yet, at the general review, we have no doubt but he will be found fit for duty, by his GREAT COMMANDER.

T.

### To Correspondents.

"Stop thief!"—The originality of this piece is doubted; the editor would thank his correspondents particularly to distinguish selected from original pieces.

Lines by *Relius* are stolen goods, and have already appeared in the Repository as a selection.

A translation of *Adelia's* German lines (recently published) has been received from a correspondent in Greensburgh, but as it does not essentially vary from the one already given, the insertion of it would be unnecessary.—Two translations of the same piece, have also appeared in 'The Hive' (Lancaster.)

Timothy Plain's answer to Tom Bang's question shall be inserted next week.

Correspondents would oblige the editor by sending their communications early in the week.

## Temple of the Muses.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### THE TRAVELLER.

IN Grecian days of old, so hist'ry goes,  
(How true it is, at present no one knows)  
But truth or fiction, only let it be  
Thought possible, it is indeed by me,  
A rambling man of true Athenian birth,  
Began to travel o'er th' extensive earth;  
He travel'd long, yet never seem'd content,  
And still unsatisfy'd he onward went:—  
At length a wight inquisitively bold,  
Who oft had heard the trav'ler's story told,  
Ask'd him, one day, 'if ever he design'd  
'To quit his roving and content his mind?'  
'Yes,' he reply'd, 'whenever I behold  
'A place where virtue's more esteem'd than gold;  
'Where reputation honest men possess,  
'And real merit makes not man the less!'  
'Then travel on,' th' inquisitor reply'd,  
'For virtue is not now with fame ally'd  
'You ne'er will find your object whilst you've breath,  
'Chuse then a trusty guide—I'll name him—*Death!*'

KASKADANDA.

\* *Diogenes.*

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### L'EMBONPOINT.

THO' *Cloe* boasts her slender limb,  
Her little foot and arm so slim,  
I slight her meagre charms;  
Give me, O Cupid! her whose waist,  
When fondly she's by me embraced,  
Will fill my 'raptured arms.

The lath-like *Cloe* strives in vain;  
A slender waist will never gain  
My little flutt'ring heart;  
Long since, to a plump, rosy maid,  
The little truant wand'rer stray'd,—  
From her 'twill ne'er depart.

For tho' 'tis held a captive there,  
Its prison's so divinely fair,  
With bondage 'tis content;  
Nay, so delighted 'tis to dwell,  
In her sweet bosom—charming cell!  
'To change 'twill ne'er consent.

*Cloe*, I ne'er loved lath-like belles;  
But her I love whose plumpness tells,  
Good-nature dwells within:

Me, skin and bones could never charm;  
A full, red cheek and plump white arm  
Alone could ever win.

Cupid and Hymen, gods benign  
I pray that *Rosa* may be mine,  
O, grant my fervent pray'r!  
O, grant me her whose plump white arm,  
A hoary anchorite would warm  
*Rosa*, Health's fav'rite fair!

O, Hymen! make plump *Rosa* mine:  
The slender waist I will resign,  
For her superior charms.  
Give me, O Cupid! her whose waist,  
When fondly she's by me embraced,  
Will fill my 'raptured arms.

ALITHEAN.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

MR. SCOTT,

Please to insert the following lines in your entertain-  
ing Repository, requesting a translation from some of your  
correspondents. TYRO.

17d46745ys ys3h hy274 d2ys 934,  
5h 81cs VS6y14 5h c219d d34;  
WS3cs ws47 593v4 d3d v3g216 g3v4,  
Y4 5h 81cs B451yt 5h c219d 93v4.  
B48 J28s28.

### THE THAW.

NATURE dissolves in friendly tears  
And drops her blessings deep;  
The hearts of mortals, too, she cheers,  
Who laugh to see her weep.

While, miser-like, she steel'd her breast  
To each impressive power,  
She robb'd us of our wonted rest,  
And froze the midnight hour.

Not Luxury, with all her charms,  
Nor Riot, with its glee,  
Could 'scape her close-surrounding arms:  
—But ah! poor Penury!

Poor Penury!—'twas thine alone  
To feel her bitterest bite,  
While starving through the day alone,  
And perishing at night.

But then (and gracious Heav'n be prais'd)  
Her deputies she sent,  
The deep sunk eye of Mis'ry rais'd,  
While Hunger snail'd content.

Now, kinder gales their influence shed,  
And milder breezes blow,  
The Earth resigns her fleecy bed,  
And triumphs o'er the snow.

So shall Beneficence extend  
Her long continued sway;  
Her charms, eternal as their end,  
Shall gain eternal day.

When "cloud capt tow'rs" shall sink in dust,  
And "solemn temples" fall,  
The God of all the good and just  
Shall patronize them all.

### THE MOTHER.

SO when the *Mother*, bending o'er his charms,  
Clasps the fair nursing in delightful arms;  
Throws her thin 'kerchief from her neck of snow,  
And half unveils the pearly orbs below;  
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns  
Her soft embraces and endearing tones;  
Seeks the salubrious fount with opening lips,  
Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles and sips.  
Connubial fair! whom no fond transport warms,  
To lull your infant in maternal arms,  
Who, blest in vain with tumid bosoms, hear  
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;  
The soothing kiss, and milky rill, deny  
To the sweet pouting lip and glist'ning eye!  
Ah! what avails the cradle's damask roof,  
The silken bolster, and embroider'd woof!  
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitied plains,  
And many a tear the tassell'd cushion stains!  
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,  
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast.  
Thus charm'd to sweet repose when twilight hours  
Shed their sweet influence in celestial bow'rs,  
The cherub *Innocence*, with smile divine,  
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on *Beauty's* shrine.

### ODE FROM ANACREON.

(Moore's translation).

OBSERVE when mother Earth is dry,  
She drinks the droppings of the sky;  
And then the dewy cordial gives  
To every thirsty plant that lives.  
The vapours, which at evening weep,  
Are beverage to the swelling deep;  
And when the rosy Sun appears,  
He drink's the Ocean's misty tears.  
The Moon too quaffs her paly stream  
Of lustre, from the solar beam,  
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!  
Since Nature's gen'ral law is drinking,  
I'll make the law of Nature mine,  
And pledge the Universe in Wine.

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